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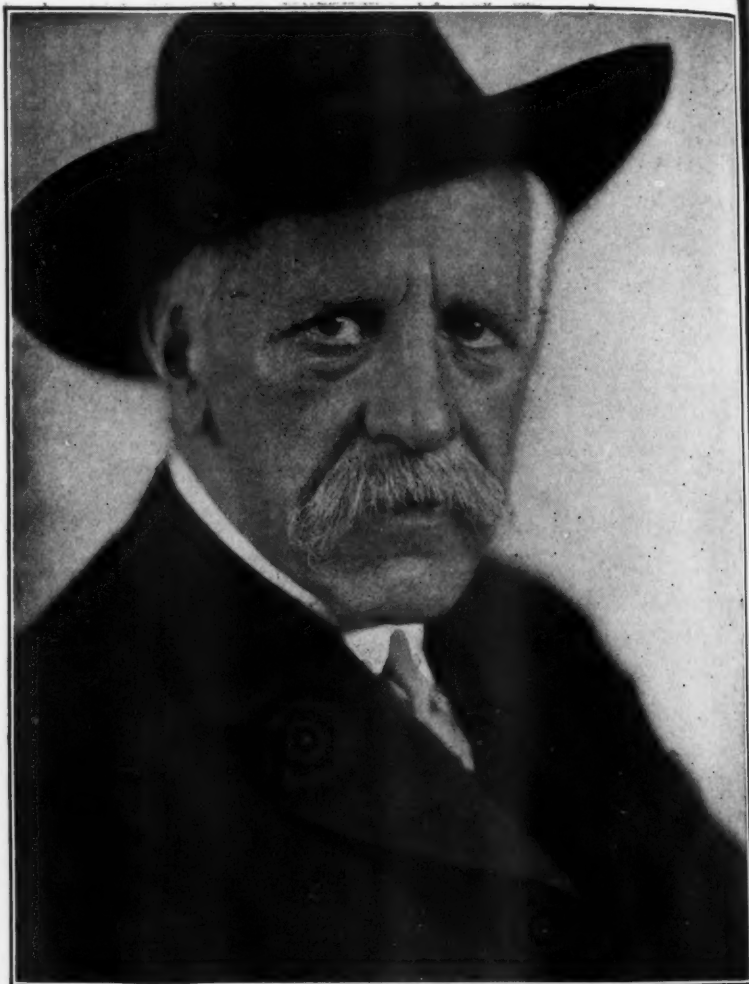
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FINANCIAL NOTES

**BOLIDEN MINING COMPANY
REPORTS ALL DEBTS PAID**

In the annual statement of the Boliden Mining Company of Northern Sweden, emphasis is placed on the fact that all liabilities have been paid from the company's own capital and profits, and that total investment in the plants, buildings, and railroad now amounts to about 38,000,000 kronor. It is less than ten years since the gold mining operations took their start in what was then unimproved forest land. Today a model town has been built up, while the smelting and refining plants of the company are among the biggest of their kind in Europe. O. Falkman, the managing director of the company, recently spoke of the progress of the Boliden company at the annual meeting of the Society of Swedish Engineers.

**NEW FRENCH-NORWEGIAN
TRADE AGREEMENT NOW IN EFFECT**

Supplementing the commercial treaty between France and Norway of 1881, France has agreed to revoke the depreciated currency surtax on Norwegian products, in exchange for reductions in the Norwegian import duties on several products, including material reductions in the Norwegian Wine Monopoly's prices on French vermouth and sparkling wines. Both countries reserve the right to withdraw the concessions with two months' notice in case the ratio between the French and Norwegian currencies existing at the time of conclusion of the agreement should change by more than 20 per cent.

**THE ANGLO-NORWEGIAN
TRADE AGREEMENT**

The importance of the trade agreement between England and Norway is stressed in special numbers of the *Anglo-Norwegian Trade Journal* and the *Norwegian Journal of Commerce and Shipping*. In the latter Sir Karl Knudsen, president of the Norwegian Chamber of Commerce in London, writes:

"It is impossible today to segregate the economic from the political, and undoubtedly the future depends upon the cooperation between countries of a high standard of living who believe in free institutions, freedom of thought, and the utmost freedom of trade. Unless such cooperation can be established, the outlook is not pleasing, when we bear in mind the opposite ideal associated with the terms dictatorship and economic nationalism. The great question before us is, will the U.S.A. take the place which belongs to her alongside of the British Commonwealth and all other countries of like mind, which certainly includes Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland?"

SECURITIES ACT AID TO INVESTORS

In explanation of the so-called Securities Act signed by President Roosevelt before the adjournment of Congress, Colonel Louis M. Howe, secretary to the President, stated in a recent interview that the purpose of the bill was first of all to protect, as far as possible, purchasers of stocks, bonds, shares, and securities of all kinds, by preventing misinformation as to their value and the concealment of any information which would make a security less attractive as a purchase. No security

could be advertised by any means—including radio—unless the advertisement contained all the information required by the Federal Trade Commission.

**DENMARK MEETS DEFICIT
WITH MORE TAXES AND LOAN**

Having exhausted the cash reserve available for budget balancing purposes, Denmark faces a deficit of about 70,000,000 kroner for the 1933-34 fiscal year. The Danish Rigsdag has provided additional revenue sources by increases in income and inheritance taxes, in excise taxes on sugar, coffee and coffee substitutes, and in the stamp tax on stock shares. These increases are expected to yield about 27,000,000 kroner. In addition the Government has authorized an internal loan of 85,000,000 kroner to complete the balancing of the budget, and to provide about 20,000,000 kroner for agricultural relief.

SWEDEN DEPRECATES GERMAN MORATORIUM

With more than \$200,000,000 tied up in Germany, Swedish banks and business men are dissatisfied with the German transfer moratorium. These large investments are due to some extent to Ivar Kreuger's faith in Germany, and there is still remaining \$104,000,000 in bonds of the \$125,000,000 loan on account of the German match monopoly. Large blocks of Young and Dawes loan bonds are also in the possession of Swedish investors. *Dagens Nyheter* of Stockholm takes occasion to remind the German government that its present refusal to transfer the interest on debts will make it difficult for Germany to secure future loans.

**NORWEGIAN CREDIT BANK
AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS**

The Norwegian financial world looks with pride on the achievements of the Credit Bank of Oslo which has been celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of its establishment. The bank has done much toward fostering industrial and business progress. It is one of the three leading banks of Norway doing business abroad. The present officers are Haavard Martinsen, managing director; Sigurd Astrup, chairman of the board of directors; Anth. Olafsen, vice-chairman of the board; chiefs of departments, O. Evensen and Hans Fr. Nielsen. The Credit Bank has eight branches in Oslo and branches in Arendal, Risør, and Lillesand.

**SVENSKA HANDELSBANKEN AND
KREUGER FINANCIAL RELATIONS**

The managing director of Svenska Handelsbanken of Stockholm states in the annual report of the bank that with regard to the credits granted to the Kreuger concern it should be observed that these have mainly arisen in connection with the procuring of fresh capital to augment the Cellulose Company's share capital and also for the purpose of paying off instalments on that company's credits. Of the Kreuger concern's credits, including those granted to Ivar Kreuger personally, the statement says that over half have been definitely liquidated by selling the pledged securities in the market, the proceeds fully covering the bank's claims both as to principal and interest. The part of the credits that is not yet liquidated is also fully covered, including interest.

JULIUS MORITZEN

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Reclaiming the Great Wild Bog

By THOMAS OLESEN LÖKKEN

THERE was a lure in the very name *Store Vildmose*. No other memory of my childhood has left in my mind such a haunting sense of romance and mystery as that of the Great Wild Bog. From the height behind Jetsmark church, near my home in northwestern Jutland, I could look every day out across the valley to the great stretch of waste land which hid the bottomless bog. Most vivid in my memory are the bog fires which colored the whole night sky from north to south. It seemed that there was always a fire smouldering in the deep layers of peat, and in summer it burst out without fail. Summer rains were not enough to quench it; it yielded only to autumn sleet and winter snow.

At school the boys who lived nearer the bog would tell of how birds and four-footed animals perished in the flames. Once they told in awe-struck tones of how the only cow of the poor "bog man" had become so frenzied with fright that it had rushed straight into the great fire and been burnt to death. We knew the "bog man"; we could see his house, and we were terribly sorry for him. On the other side of the bog, houses had burned down and people had died, for the fire spread so quickly that it was impossible to run away from it. But this did not affect us nearly so much as the tragic death of the cow, for we didn't know the people on the other side.

Many strange stories were told about the Great Wild Bog. Most exciting were those about the wolves, which survived longer there than in any other part of Denmark, and I remember my father telling me of them. Far out over the deep part of the bog, where the water welled up incessantly, there were eagles nesting. On dark nights weird noises

came from the bog, both from the air and the earth. It may have been the migrating birds, wild geese and fen-ducks, which were flying toward the south in the fall and returned again in the spring. But the old people were sure they had heard the wild host of Odin riding through the air and foreboding war or other disaster.

Only a few years ago the Great Wild Bog was wellnigh impassable. It was least dangerous in the autumn after a dry summer, when the water had sunk, but even then treacherous holes and bottomless sloughs lurked to catch the unwary. It was generally considered as much as your life was worth to attempt to cross the bog, and if anyone was lost there he was thought to have brought his fate on his own head. No longer ago than a few years before the World War two men went out to cut broom, were caught in a snowstorm, and did not come back. Nor were their bodies recovered, though a whole company of soldiers hunted for them. Some years later their whitened bones were found.

Naturally this Great Wild Bog, lying there as a dead spot in the land, was the object of many speculations as to how it could be utilized and made fruitful. Most persistent was the idea that the peat which had accumulated there for thousands of years constituted a regular gold mine, a treasure trove for the nation. As early as in 1789 a project was started to supply Copenhagen with peat for fuel.

A more ambitious project was that of digging a canal from Aalborg to Lökken, at once draining the bog and affording a navigable way to the western sea. This was abandoned upon proof that it could not be made to pay. The next plan was to establish salt works there and utilize the salt water in the western part of the bog. But this too was proved impracticable. The water was not salt enough.

In the 1860's a plan for draining the bog was again started. The peat was to be utilized for fuel, and the soil brought under cultivation. Then came a proposal for manufacturing paper, horse-blankets, rugs, etc., from the loose fibrous tissue of the peat. I have seen these wares exhibited in a small town of Vendsyssel, and they looked all right, but were not salable. Finally it was suggested that spirits could be distilled from the bog. Experiments were then under way to extract alcohol from the Little Bog, and why not then from the Great Wild Bog? But when the Little Bog had swallowed about two million kroner and yielded only one bottle of the desired fluid, it was decided not to go ahead with the project.

The learned—and among them I count the old bog inspector Lars Paulsen who has lived near the Great Wild Bog for sixty years and knows it from end to end—can tell us how the bog came into existence.

In the Stone Age, Jutland did not present the same physical aspect that it does now. Vendsyssel in the northwestern part of the peninsula was only a string of large islands which can be traced now as elevations in the landscape. By a rising of the land which went across Denmark diagonally but was most marked in the northern part, Vendsyssel rose out of the sea, leaving a great bight of low land where the bog was destined to be. By a series of risings, some as late as the beginning of the Christian Era, the bight became landlocked and formed a lake.

Gradually, as rivers and brooks poured their water into this lake, it became fresh enough to support plant life. Thus the bog came into existence. It lies there like an immense sponge quite saturated with water and resting as on a platter of sand—the old sea-bottom. On top of the sponge there is a sturdy vegetation, moss, bog myrtle, cotton grass, heather, crowberry, and other plants. As this vegetation grows higher, that which is below dies and forms peat soil. Where the bog is deepest this layer of peat is five meters thick. It is yellowish gray in color with long loose fibers, and burns almost like paper, leaving only a little white ashes, and giving out hardly any heat.

During the World War with its fuel famine, the old plans for cutting peat from the bog were revived, and it was even thought it might furnish electric power, but as the nature of the bog was studied, the plans



STAKING OUT THE DITCHES

for winning a treasure in the form of peat fuel were abandoned. The treasure was there, but the means of raising it could not be found.

Finally, it was decided to try to convert the bog into pasture land. This work, which was destined to succeed, was started in May 1921.

Fortunately it was an unusually dry season. The first step in reclaiming the bog was to drain it sufficiently so that work could be carried on; this was done by digging ditches to a depth of two meters at intervals of two hundred meters. Then a wide road was built; huge quantities of gravel and crushed stone were spread over it to make it firm enough for the trucks, and deep ditches ran alongside. The land to be brought under cultivation was first treated with a cutting-machine which looks like a tractor but is driven as an automobile. It is furnished with knife-like ploughs which cut the heather, shrubs, roots—everything in fact—into tiny little bits. After the ground had been thus pulverized the same machine was driven over it again, this time to press the mass down by sheer weight. It weighs nine tons, has a motor of eighty horsepower, and runs on wheels as broad as they are high, in order not to sink too deep into the yielding ground. It should be said, however, that in some places the surface of the bog was so uneven that it had to be leveled by hand.

After this first process, the ground was covered with marl, and fortunately there is a good bed of marl in the vicinity. Then it was fed with potash and superphosphate, and at last it was ready for seeding. It was seeded with a mixture of clover, timothy, and meadow grasses, and when the seed had been sown there was a final rolling to make the ground firm enough to support the cattle that were to pasture on it. Soon the grass came up, green and lush. White clover seemed to predominate, which made the land exceedingly valuable as pasture.

The meadow was thus seen to be a success, and the problem then was to get the animals there. The area was immense and could feed large herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. The land was divided into strips about one hundred meters wide and a kilometer long. These were bounded by ditches or barbed wire fences, and one end opened on the



ONE OF THE DEEP DITCHES

road, as most of the animals were to be brought there by automobile trucks and taken away in the same manner.

Then came the question of how to provide water. The well water from the reclaimed bog was so salt as to be quite

undrinkable. So artesian wells were bored, one for four strips. Water is pumped up with a movable motor pump, and the troughs are filled by a "shepherd" who makes his daily rounds.

As the work progressed, it was of course necessary to purchase a great deal of material, including several big cutting-machines, some small tractors, trucks, manure spreaders, seeding-machines, rollers, cultivators, scales to weigh the cattle, motor pumps, engines to fight possible bog fires, and a benzine locomotive. The buildings included homes for the foremen and machine operators, workrooms, store-houses, shelter for the shepherds, and a shed for the milkers to be used in summer when the cattle are in the pastures.

Counting the cost of all this together with the initial cost of the bog land, besides the fertilizers and seed, and the labor, there is no doubt that land ready for cultivation could have been bought at no higher price. On the other hand, the money spent for labor has remained in the district and has supported many workmen for a period of over ten years. A bit of dead land had been made alive. When new values are created by bringing land under cultivation, even though the cost is high, the gain cannot be counted in money. We hope that the intensely

cold mist which has afflicted the region will vanish when the raw bog has been completely drained (the fact that the land has sunk a meter and a half is sufficient evidence of how much water has been drawn out of it). Perhaps, too, this lifting of the clammy mist is symbolic. Per-



A TRACTOR ROLLER



THE CUTTING-MACHINE



HAYMAKING ON THE RECLAIMED LAND

haps the cultivation of a waste which people thought impenetrable will incite to similar achievements in other parts of our land.

The economic returns which the State has received are nothing to boast of. It is true, the demand for the strips of pasture land is constant; they are leased every year and filled with about ten thousand head of cattle which graze there during the summer and wax fat and glossy. It is true also that the income from leasing the pastures has more than covered running expenses, in spite of falling prices and the disturbed condition of the market which has upset the calculations of the government as well as of individuals. But the income is not enough to pay interest on the capital invested. According to modern theories of national economy this is, perhaps, not necessary.

As the Great Wild Bog is being brought under cultivation, there has been some discussion of cutting it up into crofter holdings, and it is estimated that the part belonging to the State could yield more than three hundred fair sized holdings. Those who understand the nature of bog land say, however, that it would not be practicable. On the other hand it would be quite feasible that a few hundred crofters in the vicinity of the reclaimed bog should be made independent farmers by receiving a strip of the grass land. Then the land around their houses would be used only for grain and beets, while in the bog land they would pasture their cattle in summer and bring home enough hay for winter feeding. The success of such an experiment would depend entirely upon transportation, good roads and automobiles. It would develop a new method of farming, a new technique, in which the all-important condition would be that every bit of land should be made completely accessible.

The lover of nature who can remember the Great Wild Bog as it used to be will heave a sigh of regret as he rushes over the ground in an automobile. The old bog had an atmosphere of romance. When I saw it as a growing child or a youth, the seemingly endless stretch of waste land acted powerfully on the imagination. A cold breath of sadness, grey as the dead vegetation, seemed to emanate from it. No road crossed it. No half-concealed path wound among its hillocks and thickets to the hidden distance. Therefore superstition and dark legends grew up around it. The remorse and terror of generations were nourished on its desolation, its dreary immensity, and its strange silence.

Now all that is changed. I drove out there in the late summer. The sun was high in the heavens, and the vast meadow shone with a lush green color as if every clover leaf were bursting with sap. The wide road made a straight line across the country. The first part of the way went across unreclaimed ground, between hundred-year-old peat holes and dense thickets—a confused bit of landscape with some lingering atmosphere of mysticism. We attempted to deflect from the great highway for a moment, but nearly came to grief as we were caught in the wet bog myrtle and deep holes between the hillocks where the deceptive grass covers everything. We hastily beat a retreat and returned to the road which soon carried us into what seemed a new world.

Well built shepherd houses lie close to the road. The green strips of pasture land stretch out before us and are lost in the horizon. Everything is on such a large scale, it is as though the earth had been pressed flat by a giant hand. If I remember right, the ditches that intersect the land have an aggregate length of three or four hundred kilometers and the fences about the same.



IN CLOVER

Work is going on at the usual pace. Some tractors are moving south, where an additional bit of bog, the size of three or four landed estates, is being put under cultivation. The marl train is lurching unsteadily on the loose rails laid over the yielding ground. Occasionally it tips over and has to be picked up again. The watering man is driving his pump from one pipe to another. The milking has begun. Men and women sit in long rows tugging at the teats of the cows, and the milk falling in the pails makes a faint melodious sound. Cattle dealers arriving in automobiles have come to look at the cows. In one pasture the hay is being stacked; in another it is being hauled to the new cow stable where experimental feeding is being carried on. Workmen are busy spreading marl. A milk truck is collecting the pails.

Two automobiles with tourists appear, and from the letters on their cars I can see that they hail from distant points, one from Ribe, the other from Odense. Well, why not? By the machinery shed, in the spot where the famous little tarns known as "Gaaseluner" used to be, there is a restaurant. It is built of boards with a corrugated roof, and seems almost as bare and temporary as a tent, but the coffee served by the long tables is as good as anywhere in the world, and the phonograph is playing the latest jazz music. As we look out, we see five big steers standing in an automobile truck which rumbles past. They are stretching their heads out over the railing that confines them and look at us with a sad and somewhat puzzled expression as we wave a farewell to them. Tomorrow they will be beef on the tables of Wivex in Copenhagen. They will be eaten to the tunes of a big orchestra, and they deserve it. Steers fed on the white clover of the Great Wild Bog are worthy of honor.

As I step into the car, I look out over this bit of new land that has been added to the realm of Denmark. For a moment I look at it from the artist's point of view. Will all this modern progress be able to wake the dream in the artist's mind? The old Great Wild Bog could do it. Bernhard Jensen, Jens Thise, Niels Anesen, Peter Johansen Kjær-gaard, I myself, and many others have tried to lift the poetic treasure of the Great Wild Bog. None of us has succeeded completely. Perhaps it was like the treasure of the will-o'-the-wisp that played over the bog. It wasn't there.

New times rise from old. Machines have conquered the Great Wild Bog. Instead of the old waste that gave us dreams of a mirage, we now have a new soil that gives milk and meat and grain in due season. As in other wars, there has been no counting the cost. Now the land is ours.

Johan Falkberget

By THYRA FREDING

THE HIGH PLATEAU of Röros, the mountain parishes of northern Österdal and Dovre, and the regions along the Swedish border—this is the realm which Falkberget has peopled with the creations of his imagination. Here he is at home and moves with the assurance born of perfect knowledge, among miners and transport riders, clergymen and peasants, Lapps and old soldiers. His books are a record of drudgery and meager living, of wars and hard times, and yet they are radiant with the poetic glamour of the wilderness. His romances are built up on historic ground from the study of old documents and from the stories still current in the community where the people are descendants of the mixed population, Norwegians, Swedes, and Germans, that came in the early days of the mines, in the sixteen hundreds and seventeen hundreds. Thus his work attains a rare integrity and honesty. He belongs to the Röros plateau just as distinctly as Selma Lagerlöf belongs to Värmland.

Through Falkberget's works this out-of-the-way district has become known, not only among his Norwegian countrymen where his books are highly popular, but also in Sweden. Tourists have begun to flock to the vicinity of Röros, fascinated by the strange bleak charm of the treeless plateau and the quaint old town.

For me it meant a long journey, through Gudbrandsdal and over Dovre. I have spent the night at Stören, a little station a few hours distance from Trondheim. In the clear, cool, sunny morning I take the "Röros Express" consisting of two small cars. The track follows the Gaula River, winding among mountains and passing quiet farms as it ascends to the high plateau. I have spent the day in the mining town exploring the haunts of Falkberget's characters. *The Fourth Night Watch* has its prototype in reality. Its hero, Pastor Benjamin Sigismund, is patterned on Dean Sven Aschenberg whose portrait hangs in the church, and in the tower room the minister had his secret meetings with Gunhild Bonde. The church is the central point in the little town. It looks very imposing, very fair and bright, as it stands there on an eminence towering over the little sun-blackened log cabins in the steep, narrow streets. From the churchyard we command the best view of the treeless mountain plain stretching up toward the mines. Everything here suggests Falkberget's books: And now I am on my way to see him.



THE OLD FALKBERGET HOMESTEAD

Imbedded in the plateau there is a small, narrow lake, Rugelsjöen, with trees clustering around it. On one side runs the railroad track, and I take the train to Tyvold station. Then I continue on the other side of the lake, following a foot path which leads me to a large house of sun-scorched timber set off by white painted trim. It lies right under the mountain which, from its shape like the head of a bird, and because falcons used to nest there, was given the name Falkberget.

The little boy who was born here fifty-three years ago was not more than eight years old when he had to begin work. He went with his father to the mine and was set to work washing ore. Sometimes father and son would be gone for weeks at a stretch. The mines entered his blood. He learned to love the people and the place. Young Falkberget continued to work in the mine, lived often in its workmen's barracks, and became familiar with hardship and privation. In his free hours he used to gather the other boys around him and tell stories, which were a mixture of what he had heard and what he had invented. Then he began to write for the Rörös newspapers. He never received any pay for what he wrote, but people liked his stories. This was different stuff from what they were usually offered. He managed to get a little book printed and it sold for 40 öre. Recently a Swedish publishing firm offered 150 kronor for a copy of the book.

One fine day the young man packed his belongings and left home. The pen had conquered the hammer. He was twenty-six years old when

he went to Aalesund and became editor of a newspaper there. Later he held a similar position in Fredrikstad. Then came some years in Oslo where he wrote a prodigious number of newspaper articles as well as fiction.

After having lived many years far from his native place, Falkberget returned to it in 1922. When his mother died, it became necessary for him to take over the old homestead if it was not to pass into the hands of strangers. It is by this house I am standing now. Here Falkberget has fitted up a room as he likes it, and here he does his writing. There are tools and gear from the mines to remind him of his early work, and everything is as primitive and untouched as possible. Even electric light and water pipes are not allowed here, although they have been installed in the other parts of the house where Falkberget's son Magnus has fitted up a home for himself.

A few steps from the old homestead is another house, also of sun-blackened logs and with white trim on the corners. This is Ratvolden, the present home of the author and his wife. It was once a sæter for the farmers of the Gaula valley, and the old building with a history going



JOHAN FALKBERGET



A CHARACTERISTIC STREET IN RÖROS LOOKING OUT OVER THE TREELESS PLATEAU

back to the sixteen hundreds has been enlarged and rebuilt to make a comfortable home. The sod roof common in these regions has been retained and is bright with green grass and wild flowers.

Here I meet the author on his own ground. He is a stately man, tall and slender, with a nobly formed head and fine features. He and his wife Anna Kari have held together since their youth, and together have built the home, Ratvolden. Just now they are especially happy in a visit from their daughter who is married to a clergyman in the Westland, and from their son Magnus Falkberget, who is a theatrical man.

We enter the house and find a surprisingly high room, the walls lined with book shelves from floor to ceiling. The owner takes from the mantel an old miner's lamp which he says used to light him when he worked in the mine. A long bayonet dating from the time of Charles XII is a reminiscence of the Swedish invasion. Falkberget tells how, as he was walking with a friend and thoughtlessly poked among the stones with his walking-stick, he noticed something edged sticking out of the ground. Upon further investigation, the whole bayonet came to light. A gun of heavy caliber reminds us that it is not long since bears could be met in the neighborhood. The gun has belonged to one of the famous bear-hunters and has seen real service. An ornate parade-staff once carried by a miner is a gift of Sigrid Undset who sent it with the words, "This must go to you; with you it will feel at home."

When I asked Falkberget to tell about his family and forefathers, he took me out in the yard and showed me the rough-hewn stone he has raised in memory of his grandparents who cleared the land. The grandfather's name was Ole Jamt, indicating that the progenitor of the family came from Jämtland, though his descendants have lived in the Röros neighborhood since the sixteen hundreds. In his works, too, Falkberget has raised a monument to his humble ancestors.

If Röros town and the mines are the background of many of Falkberget's stories, some of his romances had their setting by the lovely little lake Rugelsjöen where his home is. Here Young-Sjur and the gipsy girl Tonetta lived their short dream of love. Here the young Norwegian girl Eli Sjursdotter met the soldier of Charles XII one evening when she was calling her cows home to the sæter. From here she went out with her lover to the mountain wilds where she lived in constant fear of her father's vengeance. There she bore and buried her only child. Right here at Ratvolden her lover fell before the bullet of her father Old-Sjur. It was not unusual, says the author, that the girls of the neighborhood fell in love with the invaders. Eli Sjursdotter's tragedy, which he has commemorated in one of his most popular romances, was not the only one.

The history of Norway and Sweden has been interwoven from of old in these border regions. Falkberget is now engaged in a series of books



THE CHURCH AT RÖROS

dealing in romance form with the history of the mines and the mining town—"Bergstaden"—Röros. The first volume was *Christianus Sextus*, called after one of the oldest of the mines and dealing with the first miners. When he has finished this series, the author hopes to write the history of General Armfeldt, the Swedish officer who commanded the expedition sent by Charles XII to conquer northern Norway. Armfeldt went back to Sweden when the news came of the King's death at Fredrikshall, and the story of his disastrous retreat over the mountains, where half his men perished in the snowstorm, is still spoken of by the people of the neighborhood as if it were an event of their own time. Surely no one is better fitted to write this history than Falkberget. It is to be a big book. "I hope I shall live long enough to finish it," he says.

Falkberget has many other interests besides his literary work. He lives as a good neighbor among neighbors, interested and active in all the affairs of the community, and ready with help and advice. At present he is representing his district in the Storting, but he realizes that if he is to do his own work, he must give up politics. Here by his little mountain lake he is happier than anywhere else. He would not exchange the old sæter Ratvolden for any other spot in the world, even though the snow lies here till almost midsummer and nothing can grow but grass. When the hay is being cut he always lends a hand, and he is thinking of setting up a forge behind the fine old *stabur* so that he can forge the ironware needed on the farm. Every human being and indeed every animal on the place is the object of affectionate care by the master and mistress. And the guests and strangers who find their way to Ratvolden are received with kindly hospitality.

As I take my leave, the waters of Rugelsjöen are black and still. A large blue-black loon is paddling from the south end of the lake. The small birds are quiet in the thickets. The smoke from the farmhouses on the opposite shore rises straight up and is mirrored in the water. We remember how Eli Sjursdotter saw the sun setting "red as blood." Those were war times, hard times. Now all is peace and quiet. The cow bells tinkle. The dwarf birches waft their fragrance on the air.

Accompanied by Falkberget and his small grandchild I take the path back to the station. From the train I catch a last glimpse of the sun-blackened houses under the mountain. The Swedish flag has been run up in honor of the visitor.

Runö

An Old Swedish Community

By ERNST KLEIN

OCCASIONALLY we find in the midst of a large country a small alien group, like a racial island in a sea of homogeneous population. A German imperial ambassador, de Busbeck, who represented his country in Constantinople in the sixteenth century, and who like many another diplomat was an amateur scholar, has left us a list of words from a language at that time spoken in the Crimea. These words had caught his attention because they reminded him of his native German, and his list is the earliest, in fact almost the only, record we have of the so-called Crimea Goths, who have now long since been absorbed in the surrounding population, but who at that time still lingered in a few communities near the Black Sea—tiny residues of the mighty folk wave which in the first century of the Christian Era went out from Scandinavia and swept down to the borders of Asia.

That such racial islands should exist in our own age seems inexplicable and almost incredible in view of the intensive propaganda which every nation carries on to weld its individual members into one homogeneous mass—where it does not, after the very latest pattern, forcibly expel alien elements in the interests of national homogeneity. We must remember, however, that this whole policy of educating for nationalism is of comparatively recent date. It was rooted partly in the demand of the Reformation for a common conception of religion to be determined by the State, and partly in the enthusiasm of the Renaissance for a literary and historic culture using the national language as its vehicle, a movement that first arose in France and Italy. We may perhaps still reckon with several generations before these national tendencies shall have reached the uttermost confines of European civilization, and still longer before they have been absorbed by the peoples of Asia and Africa—for apparently this is a feature of our culture which is equally adapted to their uses.

Russia was until 1917 ruled by an autocratic government which had at its beck and call an obedient bureaucracy. In the last decades of the nineteenth century this government seemed to become conscious that it ought to create a national unity out of the scores of races and linguistic groups which constituted the Czar's empire, from the reindeer hunters on the tundras of Siberia to the people of Finland with their fine old Northern culture, and the aristocracy of Catholic Poland. Very



THE PARLIAMENT OF RUNÖ, CONSISTING OF ALL THE GROWN MEN, USUALLY MEETS OUTDOORS IN THE SUMMER

probably the old régime in Russia dug its own grave with this curious idea.

One day toward the end of the nineteenth century, a Russian official came in a steamer to one of the Czar's smallest possessions, the tiny island of Runö in the Gulf of Riga, where the people are Protestants and speak Swedish. He offered them important administrative and economic concessions if they would receive instruction in the Russian language and religion.

The Runö people called together their parliament, consisting of all the grown men and numbering about forty or fifty. I can see them in my mind, although I was not there. Tall, with well trained bodies, long beards and hair, and sharp hunter's eyes, they gathered in a large room with bare timber walls. As many as could find room sat on the unpainted wooden benches or on the built-in beds, and those who found no other seat squatted on their heels in hunter's fashion, their hands clasped around their knees. They talked in harsh, strident seamen's voices and, without any parliamentary procedure, discussed their national problem. The discussion was hot, but not long, for at bottom all were agreed. It was a question that they and their fathers and forefathers for many generations back had discussed many times before. Every argument was fixed and immutable.

If the Czar did not want to allow them to keep their Swedish language and their Lutheran religion, he would have to come and conquer them. Every man of them had his rifle, home-made to be sure and after a flintlock model three hundred years old, but in good order and warranted to send a bullet through a seal's eye at a distance of eighty meters in any kind of wind. And if they could not hold their own with their rifles, they had boats, open but seaworthy, in which, with a good wind, they could reach Swedish Gotland in twelve or at most fifteen hours. The fifty men of Runö saw no reason why they should cater to the Czar.

Their forefathers had never been subservient to anyone. In the Middle Ages, to be exact in 1341 on June 28, the eve of St. Peter's and St. Paul's day, Johannes, by the Grace of God and by Apostolic Succession Bishop of Courland, issued a letter, dated at his city of Pilthen, granting to "certain Swedish persons" living in the Island of Runö the right to possess their land according to Swedish law for ever after. Further the letter fixed minutely the amount of tithe they were to give of their grain, sheep, cows, pigs, seals, and fish, and what taxes they were to pay for every bit of ploughed land, but outside of this they



THE HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE ARE LIKE THOSE OF SWEDEN A FEW HUNDRED YEARS AGO



WEARING HER EVERYDAY COSTUME WITH LINEN CAP AND THICK SWEATER, THIS WOMAN IS ENGAGED IN FANCY KNITTING

were to be exempt from all taxes, and no one could demand of them any personal service.

When we reflect that this document was issued by one of the most powerful magnates in the mighty Teutonic Order of Knights, in a land where the bonds of serfdom were not loosed before the nineteenth century—in fact not entirely before the formation of the Baltic States in 1918—we can make a shrewd guess at the amount of energy which the “certain Swedish persons” had brought to bear on the situation in order to win for themselves a position so exceptional. From documents dating back even to the thirteenth century we know that

the Runö people shared these privileges with a number of other Swedish communities on the islands and on the mainland of the Esthonian coast. These small groups of fishermen and farmers had a kind of extra-territorial system of justice with the privilege of being judged according to Swedish law and appealing, in contested points, to the Swedish King.

No doubt it is this preferred position as compared with the other people in Esthonia which has contributed most largely to keep these small Swedish groups intact down to our day, for the population of Runö with its forty families consisting of about two hundred and eighty persons is only a small part of the Swedish population of Esthonia, which numbers about eight thousand. That they have preserved their Swedish individuality, surrounded by an alien population of Finnish-Ugrian extraction and under the sovereignty—now abolished—of German Balts, is not only a unique historical curiosity but an interesting object of study. The more I have thought over the facts learned during my repeated visits to Runö, by a study of social and

material conditions there, the more clearly I have seen that here, by a *lusus naturæ*, there has been preserved an almost perfect example of how the greatest nations have developed their individuality.

The Finnish anthropologist, Professor K. Hildén, has investigated the small population of Runö very thoroughly from a racial-biological standpoint. For centuries there has been constant intermarriage, so that almost all the people on the island are part of one family group, while there has been hardly any influx from the outside. By studying the individuals he has been able to demonstrate that every inhabitant of the island in his physical aspect is made up of two strains in varying proportions. One is in perfect accord with what we call the Northern racial type, tall, long-limbed, fair and blue-eyed, with blond or brown hair, long, narrow head, and oval face. The other strain, though closely related to the first, corresponds to what we now call the East Baltic type. It is broader and more stocky, with rounder head and broader face, greyish skin, and white-blond hair. There are a few specimens of a third type, very tall, black-haired and brown-eyed, with round skull, a type which seems to be derived from southeastern Europe, but this does not seem to have any great importance for the present population of Runö. I have followed the history of the people by means of parish records and family traditions, and these all bear out the results arrived at by means of anthropological observation.



A SEAL HUNTER DRESSED IN WHITE FOR PROTECTIVE COLORING, CARRIES A LONG STICK WHICH IS AT ONCE STAFF, PADDLE, AND HARPOON SHAFT. THE LINE HANGS FROM HIS LEFT SHOULDER, THE GUN IN ITS SEALSKIN CASE FROM THE RIGHT



THE DARK ENTRANCE TO A RUNÖ HOUSE CONTAINS THE HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. HERE FOOD IS COOKED OVER A FIRE ON THE FLOOR. MEAT AND SEALSkins ARE DRIED IN THE SMOKE

When Riga was conquered by Gustavus Adolphus, the island of Runö came under Swedish sovereignty and when, in 1627, a Swedish official for the first time came to the island, he was quite astonished to find that he had acquired a little Swedish village in the midst of an alien country. The "certain Swedish persons" referred to by the Bishop of Courland had by this time become a complete little nation. During the centuries that followed we can on several occasions trace an influx from the outside, usually from the large island of Ösel, the population of which contained some Swedish elements, but was in the main Esthonian. This was especially marked after the great pestilence which, in 1710, reduced the population to eighty persons.

In poverty and isolation the Runö people have developed a mode of living that is entirely independent of outside influence, but nevertheless plainly shows its Swedish basis, if we only penetrate deeply enough, not into the history of the Runö dwellers, but into that of the people in Sweden itself. For as we walk through the hamlet of Runö

with its steep grey-thatched roofs, or along the beach with its fishing booths, or across the small fields fenced with stone or branches of trees, we feel that we are transported to a strange world out of the past.



WOMEN FOLLOW THE PLOUGH AND CARE FOR THE HERDS

A farmhouse at Runö usually consists of two parallel wings of low, one-room houses built of heavy round logs and connected with a framework of lighter construction. Even so late as ten years ago there were only a few houses where the smoke could be seen rising from a chimney at the end of the wing where the living room was always placed. Most of the farms were content with a far more primitive arrangement. In front of the living room there was an entrance hall where the floor consisted of hard clay, and on this floor the fire for cooking burned in a space encircled by large flat stones set on end. The smoke rose under a cupola of daub and wattle, spread out under the thatched roof, and found its way out through openings in the gables. The living room was heated by a sort of primitive oven built of stone and

clay, which extended into the room but was fired from the entrance hall. The smoke came out into the sooty hall through the same opening as that where the wood was put in. A study of old Swedish customs and ways of living shows that this type of stove was



FISHING GEAR AND HUNTING EQUIPMENT ARE KEPT IN THE SHEDS ON THE BEACH



WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE RUSSIAN CAP, THIS RUNÖ MAN IS DRESSED AS HIS FOREFATHERS WERE A THOUSAND OR TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

common long ago in the southeastern provinces of Sweden. Many other details of building point to a connection with the people in this part of Sweden, but also to a very old connection with the East Baltic peoples. Runö has simply preserved a mode of living which was probably once typical in the countries south of the Baltic.

Next after the primitive farm buildings the most startling sight that meets the visitor is the dress of the people, especially if he comes on a Sunday morning when the whole village is assembled at the Swedish church, for their clothes do not follow shifting styles or individual taste but conform to tradition and fixed old customs. As late as in the 1880's the Runö men wore a kind of Renaissance costume with short close-fitting jacket and wide knee-breeches. About that time they changed their costume to a clumsily fashioned double-breasted coat with long trousers, though they kept their typical shoes or rather moccasins of sealskin with the hair on it. The women have been even more conservative. Their skirts of grey or black linsey-woolsey, very full in the sides and back, their laced waists of striped red, blue,

and yellow stuff, their sweaters of blue or white yarn knit in an elaborate pattern, and their peculiar headdresses of flowered silk have not changed much for several hundred years. In their holiday attire, with aprons of large-patterned calico and fine silk kerchiefs around their necks, they give an impression of a kind of seventeenth century elegance which is very attractive. For everyday use they have their sealskin shoes, their heavy grey sweaters, and pointed caps of linen under which their hair is put up. In this dress they give an impression of hoary eld, of timelessness, just as the men do in their working clothes

consisting of a long grey woolen shirt reaching to the knees held together with the knife-belt and baggy grey trousers strapped at the ankles with the moccasin thongs.

When I visited the island for the second time, in 1923, I accompanied a pastor who had recently been appointed to the parish and who, being interested in agriculture, brought with him an iron plough. To the best of my knowledge this was the first iron plough seen on the island. Those in general use were of wood with an edge of iron and were Northern in their shape but corresponded to those seen on Swedish rock carvings from about 1500 B.C. The ploughs as well as the light wagons were drawn by horses of native breed, lively intelligent animals, whose hoofs had never known a shoe any more than their mouths had known an iron bit. They were harnessed with yokes and guided with bits made of rope and wooden pegs.

The three large fields belonging to the village were divided into many long and narrow strips, and each farmer owned a certain number according to the size of his farm. His holdings might be scattered about, one here and one there. In the same way the wild meadows were divided into strips running from the edge of the forest down to the beach. This exceedingly old community farming, long since abolished in other countries, existed in Runö until two years ago, when the owners decided to exchange their scattered strips for consecutive holdings of land.

The fact that most of the tilling of the soil is still done by women, who of course also care for the large herds of cattle, gives an old-fashioned stamp to the country. The men fish for herring and eels right outside the island when they are not out with gun and harpoon hunting seals. The latter has been their chief means of earning their living from of old, and it is only in very recent years that the low price of seal-oil



THIS RUNÖ WOMAN IS DRESSED FOR CHURCH WITH HER BEST CAP, SILK NECKERCHIEF, AND FLOWERED CALICO APRON

has worked a change. Even as late as ten years ago the village was divided into three seal-hunting crews, in which every male member of the population above fifteen years of age held his allotted place. He was in duty bound to go out with his comrades in the hunt every day from the time the ice settled on the broad Gulf of Riga.

The longer the days became, the farther out did the seals have to be pursued right out in the edge of the open sea, and the longer and more adventurous did the hunting expeditions become. Toward spring it was usual for four or five men to go together and take a small boat which they would drag over the ice. The hunt would then go forty or fifty kilometers over the icy waste. Sometimes the boat would be turned over and used as a shelter for the night. If a storm came up and the ice cracked, they might have to drift on a floe for several days before they reached land on the shores of the Gulf. As a sporting achievement this hunting, in which every man and boy on the island has taken part, could well rival the most exciting adventures of Polar Eskimos. As a shot and as an expert on the ways of animals and the nature of wind and weather and water, a native of Runö might contest the palm with the keenest Indian. But when the water was freed from ice, then the Runö men would become vikings. Then they dragged their large open boats down to the beach (it is only within the last few years that decked boats and motors have come into use) and sailed out on the open sea after the receding ice with its herds of seals. In the late summer and autumn they would spend months on the east coast of the Gulf looking for seals and sea-birds.

It has long been clear to the Runö men that these expeditions hardly bring in enough to pay for the bread and bacon they take along as provisions, but it has only been very recently that they have even tried to adapt their lives to economic laws. Hitherto they have stubbornly adhered to the old viking standard of a man, judging him not by his ability to acquire money, but by his courage and skill, his loyalty to comrades, and his manner of facing the hazardous fight against the common enemies, hunger, cold, storm, ice, and all the perils of the deep. Perhaps, too, this mode of living has had its part in keeping this little group of Northern folk intact and preserving them from degeneration or disintegration.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT OSLO

Notes by JOHAN H. LANGAARD

VII. *Landscape from Telemark*, by Thorvald Erichsen

Thorvald Erichsen, born in 1869, is almost exclusively a landscape painter. He is in a sense the heir of Erik Werenskiöld. Like him he seems to feel the need of close contact with Norwegian Nature. He is not, however, so much preoccupied with the objective characteristics of the landscape and milieu as was the generation of the 'eighties. He strives primarily to give expression to what is peculiarly Norwegian in feeling for color and form. Erichsen represents the transition to what has been called pure painting, art which does not recognize any considerations other than purely pictorial ones. In this new orientation in Norwegian art, which occurred about 1900, he is reckoned among the leading forces. The theory underlying his contribution is also based in part on the purification of pictorial means effected by the French impressionists.

By reason of its unlabored style of painting and its dazzling coloristic effects, *Landscape from Telemark* marks a climax of lyrical feeling unsurpassed in Norwegian art.



"LANDSCAPE FROM TELEMARK," BY THORVALD ERICHSEN

The New House

By MARGARET FRAKES

ALL DAY LONG old Johann Fjell had worked feverishly, with the help of Hans the carpenter, to complete the new house, but when the sun dropped over Storri hilltop there was still a great patch of roof to be covered, and two doors were to be hung. Nevertheless, Johann climbed painfully down the rude ladder and told Hans to go home. These short July nights, he decided, were so warm that an open roof wouldn't matter. Besides, he wanted time to admire his work before Ana returned with the other women from the evening milking. For some reason, he could not enjoy looking at it when she was there watching him.

When Hans, with his basket of tools swung over his shoulder, had disappeared down the hill that led to the village, old Johann sat down on a wooden bench near the doorway and crossed his stiff, weary knees. Presently he took a stubby black pipe from his pocket, lighted it carefully, and held the match in his rough fingers until it had burned itself entirely out. Then, with a deep, contented sigh he slumped forward, one ragged elbow resting in the hollowed palm of his other hand. He had worked steadily and hard since daybreak. . . . It was good to rest. . . .

One by one, lights began to appear in the village. From down there, the new house on the hillside must look very fine indeed. Even now, without doubt, folks were looking up at its wide front windows and saying how thoughtful it was of Lars Fjell to send money from America to make life easier for his old parents.

Out on the fjord three sails moved slowly, like huge dusky moths. Old Johann felt a little heartsickness as he watched them. When he had first heard of the gift that was to come from Lars, he

had begun immediately to plan the purchase of the modern fishing boat for which he had always longed. He had dreamed of how he would one day slip up to the wharf in a shiny new boat with a snug cabin and with tight vats for the live fish. He would climb out casually, saying to the envious neighbors gathered about: "Yes, my son has sent me a present—now I can work faster than ever before." And the others would try to seem indifferent; some would perhaps offer him tobacco from their leather pouches. Yet all the time their eyes would rest jealously on the slim, neat boat.

However, when the money had finally come, the letter which accompanied it had stated plainly that a new house was to be built on the hillside.

"How can I enjoy a fine white house in Minnesota," Lars had written, "while my parents live in a miserable one-room hut with a rough log floor and a sod roof?"

When Johann had read that part of the letter to Ana, she had said nothing, but had stood up quickly and gone back to her work in the garden patch. The only remark she had made about the new house afterwards, so far as he could remember, had been to wonder how she could keep two rooms warm when the men were gone away to the winter fishing grounds and the supply of peat ran low. But then she had always been such a queer, silent body; he had long ago ceased to be concerned about her indifference to things in which others were interested.

As the days passed, Johann had occasionally questioned himself about the new, exciting project. He had never considered that the old hut was to be despised; it had seemed to suit his station in

life. To be sure, many of the other fishermen lived in square white houses with high peaked roofs and glass-enclosed porches. But he had never thought of himself as being equal to the other men of the village. Somehow he seemed marked for failure: his old boat would have to be repaired before the fishing season was over; a storm would come up and sweep his catch away; Saturday would find him arriving so late at the market that there was no one left to buy his fish. And then always there was Ana, different, somehow, from the other women—a misfit. . . .

Now, however, since he and Hans the carpenter had finished their work, Johann was expecting that good fortune might come to him at last. The new house was as fine, in a way, as the others in the village—even though it had only two rooms and no porches of any kind. And what a proper answer it was to the gossips who had so long hinted that Lars Fjell had lost all love for his old parents after he had found riches in the new world!

Johann was unable to say why he had been so determined to complete the new house today, but with the end in view, he had been suddenly seized with a passionate desire to finish the task immediately. At midday, when it had seemed that the work could not possibly be done by evening, he and Hans had taken down the big bed in the old hut and carried it across to the new quarters. After they had carefully set it up in the north room and had gone back to the roof, he had breathed more easily. He felt that something had been settled . . . that there could be no going back. . . .

The glow in his pipe-bowl had died away. Johann knocked the ashes out upon the ground, rose painfully, and walked around the house. He paused before the old hut which slouched, grey and homely, against the hillside. It seemed to him that in the green evenglow the walls looked

somehow hurt and lonely. But he put that feeling hurriedly away and began planning the fine cow-house they would have when all the furniture had been moved to the new home. In the autumn, when Krista was brought down from the grassy uplands, she too would share in the gift that had come from America; she would be far more comfortable in her new quarters than she had been in the stone lean-to under the birch trees.

Voices sounded from the top of Storr hill, and the figures of the women appeared against the glow in the northern sky. The milk cans hanging from their shoulders gleamed dully in the rosy light.

Johann gathered up the blankets piled on the doorstep of the hut and carried them into the new house, where he spread them on the wide bed in the north room. Then he brought his old chest and the tall wooden clock and two heavy chairs. His thoughts were of the brave things he would tell at the post house in the morning—of how he had slept in the fine new house that Lars had provided—of how unfortunate he considered anyone who had no son to care for him in his old age.

Ana parted from the other women as they turned aside to go down to the village and, without looking about her, entered the stream house and set about pouring the milk into the waiting pans. Johann watched her furtively. There was something sure about her movements—about the set of her round shoulders under the rough woolen cape—that spoke of a new strength. It was as if she had seen a hard task before her and had determined to meet it bravely. . . . And yet, when he saw her face in the light, it was as usual—quiet, impassive. . . .

The western sky was now cool and grey. A soft mist had slowly gathered over the fjord. It hung there as if waiting for something. Except for the blurred white houses, the village and landscape were lost in the dimness.

Johann sat in the doorway of the new house and brooded into the evening silence. He felt somehow strange and uncomfortable. Perhaps, he reasoned, it was because he missed the familiar fit of the worn doorstep of the old hut; this new one was hard, unyielding. He shifted about restlessly.

Ana came from the stream house and threw herself down on the grassy slope near the doorway. She slipped off her heavy wooden shoes and rubbed the sole of one foot over the top of the other. Then she loosened the cloth bound about her head and wearily pushed back her straight grey hair. Several times, as he watched her, Johann opened his lips to say the things he felt should be expressed—something about the fact that they were to sleep tonight in a house as fine, except for size, as that of any other fisherman in the village, or about how he wished Lars were here to see them in the new home. But he found it difficult to begin.

"I have made up the bed in the north room," he said at length. "The south room will be for the cooking and the nets; we can see the houses and the wharf from there. The windows in the little house, you know, never showed us anything but the birch trees and the uplands."

Ana did not immediately reply, but continued slowly smoothing her wispy hair. Her eyes were fixed on something far away. Presently she began speaking in a low, tired voice.

"I didn't mind if I couldn't see the village; I have never cared about it nor about what the other women do. The little house just fitted me. These new walls never saw Lars when he was a baby, nor the other little one who died. They don't know about the nights when the boats are in the north and the snows come down from Storr hilltop. I don't think I could bear those nights in a strange place. Lars should have known his mother isn't a

body to want a fine new house—but I suppose in America they forget how an old house feels."

She folded her arms and rocked her body back and forth. Old Johann could not remember having heard her make such a long speech before. Even now she seemed to be talking not really to him, but to the quiet fjord, to the grey evening sky, to someone far away—in America, perhaps.

He felt baffled, angry. Ana had no right to be so indifferent. As if he would not rather have spent the money for a fishing boat! The new house would perhaps raise him in the eyes of the villagers, but it should mean even more to Ana. After all, it was more for her comfort and pleasure than for his that the gift had been intended. Yet here she was, humiliating him when he had so eagerly worked to make the rooms livable before night-fall! Didn't she realize what the new arrangement would mean to Lars' reputation in the village? And still, Johann reflected, she probably did not know how severely the gossips had criticized the boy for apparently forgetting his parents during the long years since he had gone away. He remembered that she had never paid any attention when the village women had asked pointed questions about how much money Lars was sending each month. She had always remained silent . . . had gone steadily about her work.

Proper words for Ana formed in his throat, but something smothered them before they could struggle out. It had always been this way. She had poured his coffee for nearly fifty years and had slept close to his side in the wide bed for countless nights, but he had never lost this strange reserved feeling in her presence—a feeling that he really knew little about her, that their lives were like two boats sailing on widely separate courses.

If he could only do away now with this strangeness, perhaps he could make her

understand that tonight he too felt the new house to be somehow unnecessary—that the old walls had looked lonely to him when he had gone to bring the bed coverings. But he could not speak.

Since the money came, he had been too busy with the plans, too proud of the way the villagers were admiring the new house, to wonder how Ana really felt about it. In his thoughts, he had made light of her indifference. But now that the work was practically done and the bed made ready in its new place, her reproaches vaguely disturbed him.

He glanced at her guiltily from time to time, hoping that she would say something more, that she would begin preparing for bed. But she only sat quietly on the grass, her head bent, her legs thrust awkwardly forward, her hands resting like dead weights in the apron sagging between her knees.

The houses in the village had become dim grey blotches. Old Johann took off his wooden shoes and set them just inside the doorway. He pulled his loose blouse over his head and laid it beside the shoes. Then he slowly began kneading his cramped, aching shoulders. All the while he watched Ana closely, hoping for a sign. Still she did not move, did not seem to be aware of the passing moments. . . .

Finally he stood up shakily and stumbled into the room where the wide bed was waiting. He took off his trousers and coarse woolen socks and lay down, pulling the rough blankets carefully over him and hitching his tired body into a comfortable position. He turned back the covers on the other side of the bed and for some time listened tensely, expecting to hear Ana come into the room. The feeling of elation he had experienced all day was gone; he was only a weary old man . . . defeated . . . alone. . . .

After a time his cramped body relaxed and he found himself growing pleasantly

drowsy. The new surroundings became dim . . . faded. . . .

Dreams came to old Johann. He saw himself coming home from the winter trip with a boat-load of fish. The villagers stood marveling on the wharf. They stared at him as he shouldered his chest and started up toward a new house on the hillside—not the little two-room building on which he had worked so hard for the past three months, but a great white house with balconies and tall red chimneys that beckoned to him. But there was no one in the house, and he toiled on, and on, and on. . . .

There seemed to be a great flood of light in the room. Johann sat up suddenly in the bed. Ah, he remembered—the big windows in the east wall of the new house; he would have to get used to sleeping with so much light in his eyes. A bitter, piney scent was in his nostrils. He felt suddenly homesick, and twisting himself about he looked at the other side of the bed. No one was there; the pillow, still round and firm, had not been disturbed.

He was instantly wide awake. He listened, but he heard no sound; even the leaves of the birch trees outside the open doorway were still. He felt in his heart a gnawing loneliness—a sense, almost, of fear.

The bare, rough boards of the new floor hurt his feet as he climbed out of bed and crossed to the doorway. Outside, the cool grass chilled them as he made his way around the house. A night bird cried out from the juniper bushes; there was a sudden fluttering in the branches.

On the doorstep of the old hut, Johann paused. He leaned against the wall, slowly smoothing his long beard—pleased, somehow, to feel again the worn curves of the doorstep beneath his bare feet. For some reason, as he caught from within the pungent scent of things long known and loved, he felt comforted. Easy, regular

breathing sounded throughout the room, and in the faint glow from the northern sky he could see a crooked figure lying on a heap of sails in the opposite corner.

For a long time he stood there, sensing the room all about him, listening to the low breathing. Then he shivered. The outside world was growing lighter; the short night was nearly gone. To old Johann, the village seemed suddenly miles away; the villagers, like strangers passed on the shore of some distant island. The new house faded into nothingness. Only this little room was important . . . familiar . . . warm. . . .

Ana looked pale and alone in the light from the doorway. Her hair was disarranged; her arms were hugged tightly to her breast. Suddenly the thought came to Johann that nothing new could ever matter, that here was everything he desired—everything.

He crept across the room and laid himself cautiously down on the sails beside Ana. He drew her hands away from her breast. She stirred uneasily, then moved close to him. . . . At last, he felt, they understood.

Poetic Profiles in Finland

By GURLI HERTZMAN-ERICSON

THERE is something strong, fresh, and original about the young literature of Finland, and it draws its nourishment mainly from the barren soil of its native country. In a land which has lived for a long succession of years under the onus of uncertain political conditions, national peculiarities are heightened. The menace from the East has not only given rise to a sturdy patriotism, but has also put its very distinctive marks on the art and literature of Finland. The first concern has been to protect what is indigenous, that which during the reaction against the foreign yoke poured forth in acts of self-sacrifice and heroism.

But it has not been against external enemies alone that Finland has had to struggle. The problem of the different

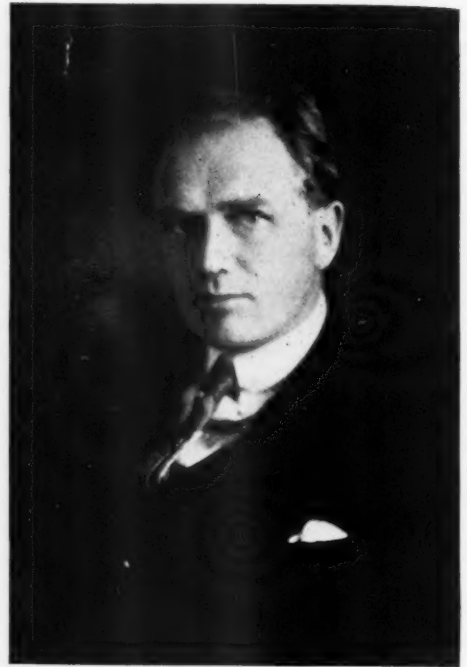
languages, the struggle between Swedish and Finnish and between rabid political views, constituted the soil out of which a civil war might flare up, and one can scarcely find any modern author who has not been affected in some way or other by these events which form one of the bloodiest pages in Finland's history.

Often the authors unite in one person both bard and prose writer. Such is the case with the man who may be regarded as the born romanticist of Finland, JARL HEMMER. There is something excessively blond and Nordic about his writing before the great disturbances broke out over the country. His poems are instinct with a gay and sentient lyricism which apprehends the affinity between nature and mankind. It is no very remarkable poetry,

but it is sincere and has a deep personal note and a touch of soulfulness which strikes the reader sympathetically, although it may perhaps seem rather colorless.

It was only when his country came to experience its time of storm and stress that Jarl Hemmer matured, and the weak tone in his lyre assumed a deeper and more fateful quality. In the year 1920 he wrote the novel *Onni Kokko* dealing with the fourteen-year-old proletarian boy, Onni, who in high Lapp boots gallops into the camp of the Whites on a snorting brown horse. Onni is a symbol of the loyalty of the Finnish temper, and in his little barbarian soul lie buried instincts from the time when his forefathers regarded it as a sacred duty to exact blood vengeance. The boy does, indeed, carry a dark secret. He knows that his father did not die a natural death, but was murdered by a Russian, and he knows, too, by whom. It is the thought of discovering the murderer which makes the boy turn deserter from the class to which he belongs. His comrades have made common cause with the Russian soldiery, but he demands life for life, and for every Russian he succeeds in shooting he is exacting vengeance for his father.

Jarl Hemmer has given in this novel a grim and truthful picture from that time when everybody hated, and the patriotic tendency is unmistakable. But for Onni Kokko, too, who always steps courageously into the breach, there comes the moment when everything within him collapses into a terrifying and enigmatical chaos. The only person for whom he has cared, his Uncle Isaac, he rediscovers as prisoner, and when he wants to help his uncle to escape, he is met with a scornful and icy silence. His uncle is shot, and how is a little boy to stand up against that which overpowers old grown-up men and drives them to suicide or melancholy? One sees through the whole game, and there is only one single word left in the language for that which happens—blun-



JARL HEMMER

der. One can no longer hate, and nothing matters any more.

When Onni Kokko is just about to go under, it is the Lieutenant who takes him in hand and opens his eyes to the conception of the Fatherland. It is for the emancipation of the Fatherland, so that some day happy and contented people may live there, that they are now ready to sacrifice their lives. In this way the Fatherland comes to mean everything to the homeless Onni Kokko, and it gradually fills him with a new, serene seriousness until one day he offers up his young life for Finland's freedom.

This is a powerful, frank, and enthusiastically written novel in which Jarl Hemmer's outstanding qualities as narrator make themselves felt to advantage, but the thoughts which in this book are but faintly adumbrated, are carved out with extraordinary clarity in the succeeding book. Short stories, poems, and plays lie between these two works, but they belong together nevertheless, for the con-

viction at which Jarl Hemmer arrives in *A Man and His Conscience* has its origin in *Onni Kokko*. It is not his patriotic feeling which now appears in the foreground, but his strong sense of the solidarity of mankind and the idea of brotherhood. He has now got the events at a distance, and behind the external happenings he apprehends the thoughts and feelings which wrestle in men's souls. He has reached a state of maturity and development which helps him to understand.

There are perhaps faults of form and composition in Jarl Hemmer's prize novel, but this is immaterial in a picture which is drawn with the author's own heart's blood and born of his profound conviction. With picturesque colors he describes the clergyman's youth and years of awakening, but the center of gravity of the book lies in the story of conversion which leads a man thither where his own conscience shows him the way. The author gives appalling pictures of those concentration camps where the Red prisoners languished. For the pastor, the laws of men have no longer any value, only that law which is called love and compassion means anything. He sacrifices himself to suffer with his brethren.

This book is not merely a powerful and living portrait of a man; the ethical principles which it embodies will, above all, make it an enduring work.

The most potent name in the modern literature of Finland is F. E. SILLANPÄÄ, and he is the very man whose roots go deepest down into the Finnish earth. Sillanpää writes in Finnish, and consequently one is never able to read him except in translation, but what a rich and turbulent orchestra there is in this soul so overflowing with impressions. His childhood home lay in the wastes of northeastern Satakunta, and his parents were simple crofters. This heritage from cottages, moors, and birch groves still lives on in Sillanpää's poetry, giving it its racy flavor of the soil. He does not belong to the city;

in a way he is just as much a stranger to the city as was his father whose measuring rod for the amount of respect he showed to people depended almost exclusively upon how much land the person in question owned and how well he understood the care of it.

It is his childhood impressions which are the most significant for Sillanpää, and no one has been able to paint the drab poverty of the small huts as he has done. Neither has anyone been able to portray the freshness of a spring morning or the laugh of a little child with such charming sincerity as he. Sillanpää is distinctly individual, occasionally harsh and severe, but with a fine ear for the most intimate and subtle nuances. He takes his inspiration from the everyday things round about him. His observations are marvellously acute and pregnant. Even when as a little crofter lad he roved by the river banks, he never had a thought that there could be such a thing as monotony. The clouds up in the sky never looked the same twice, and the dragon flies never sat in precisely the same position on the waterlily leaf.



F. E. SILLANPÄÄ

The roar from the mill dam was certainly very monotonous, but then it was never done with the saga it had to tell, and one could never manage to hear more than a small part of it at a time.

It is this open eye for and sense of unity with nature which grips one so strongly in Sillanpää's literary work, and if he supplements it with his own moods and reflections, it is nevertheless always a reciprocal action which emphasizes how intimately he is bound up with the world in which he lives. He can write about his mother's old spinning wheel in such a way that one not only gets a vivid impression of his veneration for his mother and for the pain of toil, but also so that the mother's figure and her life in the cottage stand forth in a mild subdued light. He can write about the development of pupae to butterflies so that one is actually there oneself and experiences a miracle of nature, and he depicts children with a sensitive tenderness which has never the slightest suggestion of banality or sentimentality.

Sillanpää is an artist in words with the power of giving exact and vivid expression to the moods that vibrate through his consciousness. He has produced the masterpiece of his life in the novel *Silja*, an unusually delicate and luminous portrait of a young peasant woman. We follow her life from childhood to the day when in her early youth she dies in the summer cottage on the peasant farm where she is working as servant girl. Hers is just an ordinary everyday life, but it is exalted by the spiritual beauty and the sweet innocence which Sillanpää has implanted in this child of man. In its simple manifestations, her life is an unbroken struggle for the realization of the most beautiful dream. The novel has an epic greatness which gives it rank among our foremost peasant sketches.

With EDITH SÖDERGRAN a new epoch was inaugurated in Finnish poetry. She is above all the pioneer who scorns the old

familiar paths and enters in upon strange and unknown ways where the traditional no longer counts. Many of her followers have been nothing more than mere formalistic seekers after effect, but in her lyrics there burns a pathos which even in its occasionally obscure expression yet bears the stamp of artistry. It is a strange and tragic fate which meets us in this young woman who was snatched away at the early age of thirty-one. So strongly individual and vital is the personality revealed in the five collections of verse which she has left behind that not even her opponents can pass her by with indifference.

The outer circumstances of her life are not very well known. She lived and died alone. Poverty and illness cast their isolating circle around her. She was born in St. Petersburg in 1892, but her parents came originally from Österbotten. Thus it happened that she spent her childhood summers in Finland in a house which her family owned out in a desolate border district. At the age of sixteen she was taken ill with consumption and spent the next few years at sanatoriums in Switzerland. Some months before the outbreak of the World War she returned to the old, wild garden of her childhood and was never to leave it again except for a few short journeys. Her father was already dead, and when the Russian Revolution broke out, the family lost its whole fortune. These altered circumstances brought them very near the border line of actual poverty.

It is very strange to observe how a poet whose years are numbered and who is living so to speak in the shadow of death is able to realize the potentialities that are in her, to burst forth in a hectically brilliant efflorescence. We have a similar example in the Swedish poet Harriet Löwenhielm, who died young and whose verse is marked by the intensity and glow which betokens nature's last flare-up before the consuming fires of autumn.

We do not know exactly when Edith Södergran began to write, but her first collection of poems appeared in 1916. It did not pass unremarked. It contained new notes which gave rise both to enthusiasm and scorn, according as people reacted to it. She wrote freely out of her own heart, now with strains of tremulous longing, now with a bold recklessness. She is a young woman who, reaching longingly out towards life, bursts out:

*The day cools towards evening . . .
Drink warmth from out my hand,
my hand has the same blood as the
Spring.*

*Take my hand, take my white arm,
take the longing of my narrow
shoulders . . .*

*It would be wonderful to know,
a single night, a night like this
thy heavy head against my breast.*

But disillusionment does not tarry:

*You sought a flower
and found a fruit.
You sought a fountainhead
and found a sea.
You sought a woman
and found a soul—
You are betrayed.*

A year or two later *September Lyre* came out, followed by *Altar of Roses and Shadow of the Future*. The feminine accent of her first collection of verse yields here before a stronger and more violent pulse. She desires to burst all bounds, to raise herself up above suffering, and her poetry takes on an aspect of greatness and of exultant defiance.

*What do I fear? I am a part from out
infinity.*

*I am a part of the great might of the
All,*

*a lonely world within a million
worlds,*

*like a star of the first rank, extin-
guished last.*

*What triumph to feel time ice-cold
run through one's veins
and hear the silent flood of night*

*and stand upon the mount beneath
the sun.*

She repudiates suffering and rises to mighty heights of exaltation:

*What is pain to me, misery?
the whole world burst asunder with
a crash:*

I sing.

*Then pain's great hymn arises from
a happy heart.*

In every strophe she writes one feels the confession of her heart and perceives something of her radiant vision of eternity. She desires to go up herself on to the high mountains and to lead thither those who are wandering in the depths and the darkness. She casts off everyday existence and her poetry rises towards the cosmos. She knows her power, and if her visions be mingled with the heat of fever and the heart's panting beat, they nevertheless possess something of the splendor of eternity and of a never-ceasing quest.

Those poems which were published after Edith Södergran's death are perhaps the most beautiful she wrote. The first years of her life were bound up with the old orchard, and when the circle is completed, it is childhood's peace in nature, its intimacy with flowers and animals, which again sinks down upon her. She lives upon the border of eternity, but it is her firm conviction that

*We should love life's long hours of
illness
and stifled years of yearning
As those brief moments when the
desert blooms.*

The bond which still binds her to things temporal becomes ever more tenuous, the life flame languishes, thought no longer wrestles with cosmic visions, and there is a quiet resignation in these rarely beautiful strophes:

*I long for the land that is not,
for all that which is I am tired of
desiring.*

*The pale moon tells me in silvery
runes
of the land that is not.
The land where all our desires are
wondrously fulfilled,
the land where all our chains drop off,
the land where we cool our lacerated
brows
in the dew of the moon.
My life was a hot illusion.
But one thing I have found and that
I have really won—
the road to the land that is not.*

Although Edith Södergran was early marked by the illness which caused her death, she preserved to the last the noble stamp of a brave and proud soul. Her poetry was never marred by weariness or exhaustion, but rather had that peace which passeth all understanding. She achieved only five collections of verse, but these have assured her a distinguished place in Finnish literature.

The poet who has taken up Edith Södergran's mantle and made a place for expressionistic poetry in Finland is ELMER DIKTONIUS. He is not merely an imitator but also an innovator. There is a breath of stout manliness about this poet which places him in a class apart. He is a challenger, but also a painter of moods, and he is so charged with energy that it sometimes bursts his fabric into whirling fragments. He believes in the idea of brotherhood and hopes for the world revolution. He does not write to please, but because there is something he wants to say, and he does not belong among those poets who are easily accessible. He possesses in his poetical temper something of the granite of which he writes:

*Turned to stone are my veins,
all the atoms pressed into a block,
bald and rugged;
hot I was,*

*cold I am,
hardened;
sun melts me not,
cold rives me not,
many a drill-point has broken on my
armor,
no lever exists that can lift me,
mountain,
Granite.*

He has an ear for the rhythm of the age and for the dominance of machines over man, and his sympathy burns for the thralls, for those who have the heaviest lot in the *Grottekvarn*, the mill of modern industrialism. When he goes into the city and sees the monument in granite and bronze over the heroic graves of the fallen youths, the Civil War comes vividly up before him again, and his thoughts go out to those who also fought for an idea, but who rest under nameless mounds.

*Mounds in the deepest woods,
snow-covered, hidden away,
without stones, cross or name—
not even fenced around,
merely some unknown mounds.
But it whispers, it calls in the woods,
barkbread woods, timber woods:
heroic graves! heroic graves?*

Thus can Elmer Diktonius condense a mood in a few words. Although one may be left in doubt before many of his productions, one cannot accuse him of affectation. He has always a purpose, whether he be giving suggestive expression to a passing mood, or whether his sympathy be spurred by what he brands as injustice and iniquity. As prose narrator, too, he has experimented with a woodcut in words, *Janne Kubik*, the portrait of a Red guardsman, an unhewn block, whose primitive soul life is drawn in expressively short and rugged chapters.

Elmer Diktonius is in the midst of a period of intensive creation and his poetic profile is as unique as it is striking.

CURRENT EVENTS



U · S · A ·

¶ Registered under the N.R.A. sign, with its subjoined "We Do Our Part"

slogan, the American business world quickly fell in line with President Roosevelt's far-reaching plan to have the National Industrial Recovery Administration lead the way out of the depression by reducing unemployment to its minimum and guaranteeing fair wages and working hours. Manufacturers, financiers, retail merchants, employers, and workers alike, have signified their intention to stand by the President in what is perhaps the greatest social experiment ever entered upon by any nation. The various codes agreed on all center on the so-called blanket code, which is meant to be a shortcut to the restoration of prosperity. General Hugh S. Johnson, the industrial control administrator, declared that only through blanket agreement would it be possible to overcome the handicaps of piecemeal adoption of specific codes. ¶ In explanation of the N.R.A. badge of cooperation, General Johnson said: "For the public to do its part, it must know which employers have done their part to put our people back to work by making these agreements with the President and by codes. Every industry and every employer who has agreed with the President on this plan, or who has had approved a code covering the vital subject of reemployment will be enrolled as a member of N.R.A. and given a certificate and a government badge showing the seal of N.R.A. and the words 'Member N.R.A. We Do Our Part.' It will be authorized to show this badge on all its equipment, goods, communications, and premises. Lists of all employers authorized to use this badge will be on file at all post offices, so that any misrepresentation by unauthorized use of N.R.A. badges can be prevented."

¶ President Roosevelt's radio address to the nation, on July 24, for a united front in the reemployment drive was the President's first public speech since his inauguration, and met with a most hearty response throughout the entire country. Among the many striking features bearing on past and present events, Mr. Roosevelt emphasized the need for farm cooperation. "For many years," declared the President, "the two great barriers to a normal prosperity have been low farm prices and the creeping paralysis of unemployment. These factors have cut the purchasing power of the country in half. I promised action. Congress did its part when it passed the Farm and Industrial Recovery acts. Today we are putting these two acts to work, and they will work if people understand their plain objectives. I cannot guarantee the success of this nation-wide plan, but the people of this country can guarantee its success." ¶ The coming of General Italo Balbo and his great armada of twenty-four seaplanes proved an outstanding event in flying history. The reception tendered the Italian airmen at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition was duplicated in New York City when the men of the flight squadron passed up Broadway to be received by Mayor O'Brien at City Hall. No less enthusiasm was shown Wiley Post, when he reached New York after having girdled the globe alone in less than a week. Captain and Mrs. James A. Mollison, who had spanned the Atlantic on the first lap of their 7,000-mile flight from London to Bagdad by way of New York, fell short of their immediate goal when their plane cracked up at Bridgeport, Connecticut, but after receiving minor injuries the English fliers were able to get to New York for a rest period before proceeding. In the meantime Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Mrs. Lindbergh are exploring Greenland and Iceland, making observa-

tions with the view of learning whether the northern route is the one best suited for transatlantic flying. Denmark is furnishing the Lindberghs with every facility for making their air journey as comfortable and profitable as circumstances in that northern latitude permit. The vicissitudes of Jimmie Mattern, forced down by motor trouble near Anadir, in the Siberian wilds, where he was found by friendly natives and given relief, is another incident in the summer's aviation history.



NORWAY

¶ Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha's visit to the United States, the plans of which had matured to the extent that August 22 had been chosen as a tentative sailing date from Oslo, has been postponed. The grounds, as given in an official statement, are the unexpectedly hard times which confront the farmers of both Norway and the United States, due to the drought. In view of these facts, the Royal House of Norway decided to postpone the trip, thus relieving the great Norwegian farmer population in the Midwest of possibly embarrassing financial obligations in connection with a royal tour, and at the same time relieving the Norwegian budget of any expenses in connection with the visit to America. The sum of 30,000 kroner, which had already been granted by the Storting, now automatically reverts to the treasury. The royal couple have, however, by no means abandoned their intended tour to the United States. It is made perfectly clear that the original plan of visiting America will be realized as soon as the opportunity presents itself. ¶ On July 17 His Majesty King Haakon VII made a memorable speech before an audience of ten thousand of his subjects gathered at Haraldshaugen near the town of Haugesund in commemoration of the thousandth anniversary of the death of King Harald Fairhair whose remains are buried there. Following the singing of the national anthem,

the King said: "I am glad to accept the invitation to open the commemoration exercises for the man who united Norway into one country. But to unite Norway into one country is not the same as uniting it into one people. The task of uniting it into one people is something that confronts us who live today. In these days it is just twenty-seven years since I visited this memorial for the first time. Then I was a stranger in the land and I felt I must try to convince the Norwegian people that I would take my high calling seriously. I wanted to do everything in my power to solve the problems that faced me. I was a stranger, then. Now I have the happy feeling that the Norwegian people know that all my endeavors have been for the good of Norway. I venture to hope that the coming generations will show the same loyalty and understanding with which I have been met." The King's speech made a deep impression on the audience, and the King himself was visibly moved. ¶ Within three weeks two of Norway's best known and beloved poets died. On June 23 Olaf Bull passed away after a long illness, and on July 11 Vilhelm Krag succumbed to a lingering disease. Olaf Jacob Martin Luther Bull rose to a dominant position in Norwegian poetry during the fifty years of his life. He was no prolific writer and never gained the broad popularity enjoyed by other poets of national renown, but he was considered the foremost writer of verse in Norway today; many critics hold that the exquisite poetry of Olaf Bull never has been excelled in Norwegian belles lettres. ¶ Vilhelm Krag attained the age of sixty-two. He gained fame in his early twenties for his melodious and sentimental poetry, richly romantic and exotic. In his later years Vilhelm Krag became the poetic spokesman of Sörlandet, the southern part of Norway, where he was born and reared. Possibly better than anybody else Vilhelm Krag sang the praises of Sörlandet so that the rest of Norway became conscious of its charm and beauty.

Besides poetry Vilhelm Krag wrote a number of novels and short stories about the people of Sörlandet, all characterized by lightness of touch. He was also an able playwright, and for three years directed the National Theater in Oslo.



DENMARK

¶ The several changes which have taken place in the personnel of Premier Stauning's Cabinet failed to affect the calm which ordinarily prevails in Danish political circles during the summer months. The retirement of Finance Minister Bramsnæs from his office, to become director in the National Bank of Denmark, brought H. P. Hansen from the Ministry of Defense to take the place of Bramsnæs. The defense portfolio was assumed by Premier Stauning himself. This is nothing unusual in Danish governmental politics, since former premiers have sometimes also been heads of the defense department. As for the Department of Marine and Fisheries, which has been presided over by Premier Stauning, this will now come within the jurisdiction of Minister of Commerce Hauge. The Premier, however, retains his supervision of Greenland affairs. These various changes have reduced the number of cabinet members from twelve to eleven. According to an interview with Premier Stauning, savings wherever possible without affecting government operations adversely, will continue to be the policy of the Social-Democratic régime. ¶ The death of Ove Rode, former Minister of the Interior, and at the time of his passing editor of *Politiken*, brought into strong relief the career of one of the outstanding men of Denmark who, as statesman, journalist, and dramatist, has left his mark on the social and constructive history of the country. Ove Rode held the portfolio of the interior during the difficult years of the World War. To him was due to a very great extent that Denmark managed to keep neutral and always had a fair supply of

food. Throughout the Scandinavian countries his death on July 11 brought expressions of regret and personal recollections. Ove Rode grew up in Norway, where he graduated from the University and married. Editor Einar Skavlan, of Oslo, writes: "He left Norway for his own fatherland, but many Norwegians in sympathy with Ove Rode's view of life have since followed with unqualified admiration his brilliant career both as statesman and journalist, feeling that this career had its beginning with us." Although there was in earlier years a political cleavage between Ove Rode and Stauning, the Premier declares, "I am glad to know that our political labors in later years took the same direction. After the election of 1929 he expressed his appreciation of my political program, and I know that he did what he could to aid the policies that have been in force for more than five years." The Copenhagen newspapers devoted pages to accounts of what Ove Rode meant to the country which he served so faithfully up to the hour of his death. ¶ The North Jutland Exposition, held at Aalborg, proved a success beyond the highest hopes of those who sponsored the event. The exposition was made notable through the presence of Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister from the United States, and the first woman of that country to represent its government abroad in such a capacity. In a broadcast to the Chicago Exposition, Premier Stauning spoke of the ties that bound Denmark to the United States. He was followed by Mrs. Owen who read the Danish address of the Premier in its English translation, and besides gave her own ideas of the relationship between the two countries. Mrs. Owen has met a most cordial welcome since her arrival in the Danish capital. Her efforts to vindicate the principle of equality for men and women in high public posts are especially natural in Denmark where the advancement of women politically has been a feature of the nation's progress. ¶ Copenhagen played host

to the World Power Congress with delegates in attendance from many countries. The Congress was under the patronage of Crown Prince Frederik, and the opening session was held in the Folkething Hall of the Rigsdag building.



SWEDEN

¶ The principal political problem of the year, unemployment relief, was solved rather dramatically by an agreement between the farmer and labor forces, which may or may not lead to further cooperation in the future. Since the Social-Democratic Government is a minority one, it had to enlist aid from one or more of the bourgeois parties to put through its program for the unemployed, and after some negotiations with all the parties the Premier, Per Albin Hansson, was able to announce a compromise with the Agrarian Union, which was formed as recently as the war years and which has not so far been represented in any government. The principal debate revolved around the point as to whether the relief administration should pay the prevailing rate of wages, as demanded by the Social-Democrats, or a lower scale. When the Agrarians agreed to support the Government wage program, they got in return the Government's promise to give up its anti-protectionist attitude, especially in regard to farm products. This deal caused a sensation and roused much criticism, and it is probable that it will be an election issue at some future date. On June 21, when the question came to a vote, the Government program won by 81 to 49 in the First Chamber and by a rising vote in the Second. This victory seems to assure the Labor Cabinet a rather long lease of power. ¶ The measure involves the expenditure of public capital to the extent of 180,000,000 kronor for emergency jobs and some direct relief, and additional contributions from local authorities and private concerns, so as to make the final sum to be spent about 313,000,000 kronor.

The bulk of this will be used for public works of various kinds; some for the improvement of forests, both public and private. Young men out of work are to be placed in camps with light forestry work, athletics, and instruction, virtually a school in the woods. There will be elimination of certain grade crossings, new bridges, improvements in harbors, new athletic fields, etc. Farmers can get loans for improvements on their farms, and forestry workers will get loans to buy small holdings, so as to acquire their own homes and some land to cultivate when there is no work in the woods. The skilled workers will receive regular union wages and the unskilled those prevailing in the locality.

¶ On the whole, the compromise was much better received by the public than would be indicated by the protests in the partisan press. Some of the money will be raised by taxes through the regular budget and the remainder by the sale of government bonds to be amortized by increased inheritance taxes on large estates. The Government's other major plank, unemployment insurance, had not been included in the bargain with the farmers and was therefore lost by a few votes in the First Chamber, though carried in the Second. It will probably be brought up again. ¶ King Gustaf celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on June 16, surrounded by his family and relatives at Tullgarn Palace, his usual summer residence. Though he had asked to be spared all observances, he received many gifts and congratulatory messages, including many from the United States. His popularity has never been greater. In July he played tennis at Särö and later at Båstad, always in doubles and sometimes winning and sometimes losing. The city of Reval, Esthonia, made him an honorary citizen, in commemoration of the time when Estland was a Swedish province. ¶ Not since the Civil War have so few people left Sweden for the United States as at present, and emigration to other countries has also practically ceased. On the other hand

immigration has begun and in 1932 four times as many people moved into the country as moved out.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

The Swedish Pavilion in Chicago

The three Scandinavian countries are being represented each in characteristic manner in Chicago. Sweden is the only one of the three which has its own building. Simple and practical, it is an ideal setting for the exhibition of Swedish arts and crafts that fills its long gallery. Swedish ceramics, furniture, glass, textiles, pewter, and ornamental iron have been familiar in this country since the exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum in New York in 1927. Since then Swedish industrial art has passed through the phase of functionalism, which was in its glory in

the Stockholm Exposition of 1930. The present collection shows the tendencies that are now accepted in Sweden. The union of art and industry has become more intimate, and as elaborate ornamentation has been discarded, the objects for daily use have been fashioned with more and more regard for beauty of material, integrity of workmanship, and adaptation to use. The exhibition is frankly a piece of salesmanship and is designed to interest the American buyer.

In the reception hall of the pavilion are a number of beautiful photographs from Sweden as well as other exhibits designed to interest the prospective tourist. Side by side with a model of the *Kalmar Nyckel* which carried the first Swedish emigrants to America in 1637, is a model of the luxurious passenger liner, the *Kungsholm*.



THE SWEDISH PAVILION AT THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION



INTERIOR OF THE SWEDISH PAVILION WITH THE
MODEL OF THE TOWN HALL

Count Bernadotte

King Gustav V of Sweden sent as his personal representative his nephew Count Folke Bernadotte, who brought the King's greeting in a speech on Sweden's Day at the Century of Progress Exposition, June 19. A crowd of perhaps ten thousand people were assembled in the Court of States where the program was given.

After mentioning the peaceful achievements of Gustav V's reign and the King's personal efforts for the preservation of peace, Count Bernadotte spoke with fine comprehension of the problems confronting the Swedish Americans in their double loyalties. There was no doubt, he said, that the new powerful nation to which they now belonged must in the fullness of time occupy the first place in their hearts, and they could best honor Sweden by honestly and with all their strength serving their new country.

From Chicago Count Bernadotte and his wife, the former Miss Manville, traveled to Minneapolis, where they attended

the fiftieth anniversary of the Augustana Church, and to Gustavus Adolphus College. The Count, as the son of Prince Oscar Bernadotte, belongs to a branch of the Swedish royal family which has been especially interested in social and religious work and he would naturally meet the Swedish American church people with sympathetic understanding. He was everywhere received with genuine enthusiasm.

Norway's Greeting to Chicago

Norway could not have been more fittingly represented than by an emblem of her prowess on the sea. The beautiful *Sörlandet*, a full-rigged ship used for the training of officers in Norway's merchant marine, arrived in Chicago on Norway's Day, June 20, and received a thundering welcome. The Norwegian Minister to Washington, H. H. Bachke, who delivered the main oration of the day, said: "We have wished to show our flag, and we have wished to express the interest



COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE

which is felt in Norway for the gigantic effort which this world exposition means, and what it stands for as a monument of human energy."

The ship (a picture of which is reproduced on the cover of this number) attracted numerous visitors while in Lake Michigan.

An Old Viking

Dividing attention with *Sörlandet* itself was Captain Magnus Andersen, remembered for his exploit in sailing a viking ship from Norway to the Chicago Exposition of forty years ago. In those days it was by no means an accepted fact that Leif Ericson discovered America, and the World's Fair in Chicago was a commemoration of the later discovery by Columbus. Captain Magnus Andersen formed the daring plan of demonstrating that it was possible to cross the ocean in such a craft as Leif Ericson must have had. An exact copy of one of the old viking ships exhumed in Norway was built, and in it Captain Andersen with eleven companions sailed to Chicago.

Fortunately the ship is well preserved in Lincoln Park, and it was therefore no anticlimax when Captain Andersen after forty years again stepped on board and received the homage of the *Sörlandet* cadets as well as the large crowds that had gathered to see him.

Denmark's Day

The Danish Minister to Washington, Otto Wadsted, made the chief address on Denmark's Day in Chicago, June 21. He paid tribute to the stalwart energy which had carried through the plans for the exposition in spite of the depression and spoke of the tremendous changes that had taken place in the nineteen years since he visited Chicago on his way to San Francisco in June 1914. In Denmark, he said, the material progress had of course not been comparable to that of the city on Lake Michigan, but there too progress had been marked. As the most important

single feature the Minister stressed the development of the ideal of democracy.

Denmark is not participating officially in the exposition, but a very interesting collection of scientific models has been sent to the Hall of Science. Tycho Brahe's sextant is one of the most remarkable objects in the collection, which shows the achievements of famous Danish scientists in the course of the centuries. The collection will remain in Chicago as a permanent exhibit.

Scientists Visiting Chicago

Several of the most distinguished Scandinavian scientists lectured at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which was held in Chicago in connection with the exposition in the latter part of June.

Among them was Professor Niels Bohr of Copenhagen, who visited the Pacific coast and lectured in various places before returning to Chicago. During his stay here an honorary degree was conferred on him by the Graduate School of Brown University. As will be remembered, Professor Bohr received the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1922 for his investigation of the structure of the atom.

Another Danish Nobel Prize winner, Dr. August Krogh, professor of physiology at the University of Copenhagen, attended the Chicago meeting and spoke on "Conditions of Life in the Ocean." He was the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1920 for discoveries concerning the circulation of the blood.

A delegate from Sweden was Professor The Svedberg, well known in this country since his lectures here ten years ago. Besides lecturing in Chicago about investigations now carried on in Uppsala on "Segregation of Molecules by Centrifugal Force" he spoke at various universities and learned societies. Professor Svedberg received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1926.

Norway also sent distinguished dele-

gates. One of them was Professor Wilhelm Friman Koren Bjerkness, of Oslo, founder of the Geophysical Institute in Bergen. The other was Professor Lars Vegard, of Oslo, known for his research in the field of the Northern Lights and sun spots.

Nansen Hill

An English admirer of Fridtjof Nansen, Mr. Howard Whitehouse, has presented a part of his estate on the Isle of Wight to be set aside in memory of Nansen and to be called by his name, Nansen Hill. The spot was dedicated, June 29, by Lord Robert Cecil. Among those who took part in the ceremonies was Professor Sem Sæland, Rector of the University of Oslo. The hill has a dominant position with a view over the English Channel.

A Play by Hjalmar Bergman

Hjalmar Bergman's play *Svedenhjelm*, which was very successful in Stockholm and has been played also in Paris, was given a tryout at the summer theater in Westport, Connecticut, on July 4. The name given it in English was *The Nobel Prize*, and Otis Skinner appeared as the old inventor who is the main character of the play.

Normandy Remembers the Vikings

More than a thousand years ago the Viking invasion into Normandy began, and several thousand-year anniversaries have been celebrated in recent years. The present year marks the thousandth anniversary of the union of all Normandy under Gange-Rolf's son William Longsword, who became the first Duke of Normandy. The occasion was celebrated in the city of Countance with historical pageants. A copy of the Oseberg ship, built after directions from the University of Oslo, attracted much attention.

American Girls and Boys to Denmark

Dr. Sven Knudsen's Good Will Tour

of American boys to Denmark this year is the seventh of its kind. Since 1927 more than eight hundred American boys have visited Denmark in this manner, and two groups of Danish boys have visited the United States. This year for the first time the expedition includes girls. Ten young women have been selected to form the advance guard and are in charge of Mrs. Knudsen. The party sailed on the *Aquitania* July 5.

An Eskimo Film

Dr. Knud Rasmussen sailed for Greenland in June to superintend the making of an Eskimo film. He has himself written the text, which bears the romantic title *Balbo's Bridal* but is nevertheless intended to give a scientifically correct picture of Eskimo life. Only genuine Eskimos will take part. All professional film actors are barred.

Roosevelt of Swedish Descent

According to a book by Alvin Page Johnson entitled *Franklin D. Roosevelt's Colonial Ancestors*, some strains of Swedish blood entered into the composition of the President's family. The progenitor of the well known Hoffman family in New York, Martin Hoffman, came from Reval and was the son of a Swedish officer. His descendant, Cornelia Hoffman, married Isaac Roosevelt, prominent in Revolutionary times, and an ancestor of the President. This Cornelia Hoffman was herself a daughter of Tryntje (Benson) Hoffman, who was a direct descendant of Dirck Benson, a native of Sweden who came to New Amsterdam in 1648.

It appears that the ancestry of Franklin D. Roosevelt was much more cosmopolitan than that of Theodore Roosevelt. It included Dutch, German, English, and French Huguenot strains, besides the Swedish. A surprisingly large number of interesting people who did remarkable things were among his forebears.

A TRIBUTE TO BARON STEN DE GEER

When in June of this year death interrupted the productive scholarly activities of Baron Sten De Geer, late Professor of Geography at the University of Göteborg, the scientific world lost one who not only had made numerous valuable contributions to the field of geography, but gave promise of attaining yet greater heights. The geographers of both Sweden and the United States will miss the stimulating enthusiasm of a creative worker.

De Geer displayed a strain of originality in his geographic thinking which we could ill afford to surrender. His daring to blaze new trails was clearly exemplified among his many scientific papers and his books. Three of his treatises deserve special note, two of them having appeared in our foremost geographical journal, *The Geographical Review*, and one in the *Geografiska Annaler*. Of the first two, one published in 1922 dealt with a new method in cartographical representation of population distribution. De Geer had first presented his device in a magnificent series of dot maps in an atlas showing the distribution of population in Sweden and published in 1919. In his article he elaborated upon the method and offered his underlying philosophy. The second paper presents an enlightening analysis of Greater Stockholm in which pertinent suggestions are set up relative to a proper geographical interpretation of an urban center.

The third paper was the outgrowth of a visit to the United States in 1922. De Geer was invited to join the staff of the Department of Geography of the University of Chicago for the summer of that year, and during his sojourn took advantage of the opportunity to "See America." He converted some of his observations into a rather elaborate presentation under the title "The American Manufacturing Belt." As in his cartographic experiments so in this paper, De Geer set up a concept

which he expected would be criticised. However, growing out of this criticism he hoped that either he or his coworkers might progress a little farther in the direction of making the science of geography somewhat more quantitative.

Since 1922 the research quarters of American geographers have yielded a number of studies involving the use of De Geer's dot method of representation or a modification thereof. These and other publications represent but the beginning of a series to which we may look forward, growing out of the stimulus received from the ideas originating in the fertile brain of this illustrious son of Sweden.

At the University of Chicago, Baron De Geer gave a course on "The New Europe" and a second on "The Scandinavian Countries." Their excellent organization presented through his genial personality met with emphatic approval. His contacts in this country made upon this occasion, and also his writings, have helped to foster the spirit of goodwill between the United States and Sweden. For this service geographers, as well as laymen, will always be grateful.

Frequently in our appraisal of the worth of the scientific productions of a man we overlook his human qualities which surely are of equal, if not of even greater consequence. The writer had the pleasure of a visit in the home of De Geer when the latter was associated with the University of Stockholm. His hospitality and that of his gifted wife, who with four sons survive him, revealed his appreciation of a simple but pleasing home environment. There was no element of pretentious display but rather the ring of sincerity, generosity, and above all tolerance. These rare attributes, as well as his scientific achievements, will always be associated with the memory of Baron Sten De Geer.

EUGENE VAN CLEEF

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Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

The Future of the REVIEW

What is to be the future of the REVIEW? How can the REVIEW most effectively serve its purpose and please its readers? What is to be its part in the upward movement which we hope the whole country has entered upon? These questions have engaged very seriously the attention of the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, its Secretary, and the Editor of the REVIEW. We wish to hear also from the readers.

Our readers are not just subscribers to a magazine. They are Associates of the Foundation, and we like to think of them as part owners of the REVIEW. They stand in an altogether closer relation to it than ordinary readers. What, then, is your wish for the future of the REVIEW?

As you know, the REVIEW is in its twenty-first year. It began as a very small concern, with a 48-page number every other month, and with no editorial connections in Scandinavia. It weathered the war years, when mails were disrupted and manuscripts could not get through from the other side. It became a monthly, and in the time when advertising was plentiful it was enlarged to 80 and occasionally 90 pages. Recently it has been only 64 pages, but it has remained a monthly, and owing

to the small amount of space sold for advertising, the reading matter has actually been no less than in more prosperous times. Last year, for the first time, we kept the academic year, omitting two summer numbers, but with an extra-size number in June.

The question has arisen: should the REVIEW try to continue as a monthly, or could we serve the cause just as well with a quarterly? We have often felt that larger numbers would give us more latitude in the choice of articles. We might occasionally try a somewhat longer story. We feel also the impossibility of dealing with news in a monthly magazine, copy for which has to be prepared almost a month before it reaches the reader. Perhaps a quarterly summary of events would be more satisfactory.

Our readers are, of course, not unaware that the REVIEW has suffered from the economic strain. The dues of Associates have never at any time paid the expenses of publishing a monthly. The Trustees of the Foundation have thought the work of the REVIEW important enough to provide the subsidy necessary in addition to the earned income. But in the lean years with very little advertising these subsidies have had to be larger and larger. The Foundation, its income curtailed, cannot well con-

tinue to pay the deficits of the REVIEW without cutting into other legitimate expenses.

The question then naturally arises whether we can find a way to carry on the REVIEW that shall be satisfactory and yet economical. After considering various expedients, the committee having the matter under consideration came to the conclusion that a quarterly of perhaps 96 pages—larger if advertising increases—would be the best solution of the problem.

An experiment will be made with the remaining issues for the current year. The three will be combined into one enlarged number, of probably 96 pages, which will appear toward the end of November. Every effort will be made to give you as good a number as possible. Some of the leading writers of Scandinavia have already been engaged and have promised to contribute. Further details will be announced later.

The Secretary Abroad

Mr. Neilson Abeel, Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, sailed for Denmark on July 5. Besides renewing contacts with the friends and co-workers of the Foundation in Denmark, he will visit some of the parts of the country which are not in the common highway of tourists with a view to finding material for the REVIEW. He expects to be away for several months.

Consul Lamm Resigns

The resignation of Olof Lamm, Swedish Consul General in New York for fifteen years, is a distinct loss to the Foundation. He has in an unusual degree, through his own personality, promoted that mutual understanding between Americans and Scandinavians which is the goal of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. A thoroughgoing Swede, a friend of several of the great writers over there, he has entered with zest into the comprehension of American life and letters. He has been a friend of the Foundation, usually at-



CONSUL GENERAL LAMM

tending the meetings of the Trustees, and has sometimes shown his interest by criticism. As he leaves for Sweden to take over a business position as head of a marine insurance company, he will be a strong factor in that friendly understanding of America which is steadily increasing in Sweden.

Commander Gade Leaving

Commander John A. Gade, who has been appointed United States naval attaché in Brussels, sailed for Belgium August 11. Commander Gade has been a Trustee of the Foundation since it was established, has served as vice-president and as a member of the Committee on Publications. His connection with the movement goes back even earlier than the incorporation of the Foundation, however. As president of the American-Scandinavian Society he personally organized and to a large extent financed the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art to which the Foundation made a grant of \$5,000 and which

was in fact the first great public undertaking in the movement. The exhibition was the first important showing of Scandinavian art in this country; it was immensely successful and paved the way for other later exhibitions.

Mr. Gade is the author of numerous books, among them biographies of Charles XII of Sweden and Christian IV of Denmark. Together with his mother, Helen Gade, he translated the volume of Norwegian fairy tales which is one of the Classics published by the Foundation.

Fellows of the Foundation

Professor Thure Björkman, Anders Zorn Fellow from Sweden, arrived in New York on May 4. Professor Björkman is secretary of the Royal Academy of Agriculture in Stockholm, and is doing agricultural research at Cornell University and in Washington, D.C., while in this country.

Mr. Arne Haugberg, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway, who has been studying forestry at the New York School of Forestry at Syracuse, New York, returned home on June 3.

Mr. Sven Gynt, a Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, after taking a post-graduate course in engineering at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, has spent the summer inspecting some of the larger power stations and electrical manufacturing plants in the East and Middle West. Mr. Gynt also visited the Exposition in Chicago.

Mr. Eigil Harby, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, after studying last year at the Harvard Business School, made an inspection tour of manufacturing plants and business organizations throughout the United States. He returned home on August 4.

Mrs. Anna Lenah Elgström, Zorn Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived on July 10 and, after a few days in New York, left for Chicago to attend the meeting of the International Council of Women.

Mr. Nils Johan Holger Ihre, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, who has been studying business administration at Columbia University, has started on a tour of the United States. He will visit the largest industrial plants and business organizations on his trip. Mr. Ihre will sail on August 26 for a visit to South America, and will return to New York in the fall to continue his studies.

Former Fellows

Dr. Christina Staël von Holstein Bogoslovsky, Fellow from Sweden in 1920-21, has been appointed director of Cherry Lawn School in Darien, Connecticut, an outdoor school trying out progressive ideas in education. Mrs. Bogoslovsky took her doctor's degree in education at Columbia University with a dissertation published under the title *The Educational Crisis in Sweden*.

Dr. Gustaf Munthe, Fellow from Sweden in 1929-30, was in charge of the arrangement of the Swedish exhibition of arts and crafts in the Century of Progress Exposition and called at the office of the Foundation on his way to Chicago. He is director of the Arts and Crafts Museum in Gothenberg.

A Book of Singing Games

Olive Dame Campbell, Fellow to Denmark in 1922-23, now director of the John C. Campbell Folk School, has published a little book entitled *Singing Games Old and New*. Mrs. Campbell when a Fellow to Denmark studied the Folk High Schools and in her work for the Mountain Whites in the South has striven to realize some of the Danish ideas. The little book which she has published for use in her own work contains chiefly adaptations from Danish singing games together with a few from the Swedish and Norwegian. They have all been thoroughly tried out and have been enjoyed by old and young. The directions are very full and explicit. It is intended especially for those interested in rural recreation

and can be bought from the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina. The price is only 50 cents.

A Gift to the Foundation

An unusually valuable and interesting acquisition in the Office is a painting by Jonas Lie, the gift of a donor who wishes to be anonymous. It is a large canvas representing a view from the Lofoten Islands in Norway and is characteristic of the painter's best work.

In the Library

In commemoration of King Gustav's seventy-fifth birthday and the twenty-

fifth anniversary of his reign, a sumptuous volume has been published dealing with the King and royal family and with his reign. The volume, which is in the finest style of Swedish book-making, is put out in a limited edition and is distributed in this country by Count Folke Bernadotte. The first copy was sent to President Roosevelt, who acknowledged it with a letter expressing his gratification over the friendship between the United States and Sweden. Through the courtesy of Count Bernadotte and the kindness of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Library of the Foundation has received a copy of the book.

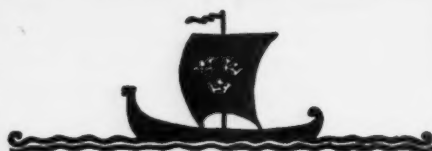
THE REVIEW AND



ITS CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas Olesen Lökken is a Danish novelist who takes his subjects from northwestern Jutland, where he spent his boyhood and where he still lives. He has contributed to the REVIEW articles from the same region. . . . **Thyra Freding** is a Swedish writer of wide Scandinavian sympathies. She has several times written for the REVIEW, among other things an account of a visit to the home of Knut and Marie Hamsun. A few years ago Johan Falkberget himself wrote a description of the unique and interesting community

where he lives and works, and he has also several times been represented in the REVIEW by his short stories. . . . **Ernst Klein** in his numerous books has popularized scholarship. He has recently completed a volume of Swedish history showing the daily life of the people chiefly by means of a wealth of pictures collected from old books, museums, and archives. . . . **Margaret Frakes** is a new contributor, a resident of Illinois. . . . **Gurli Hertzman-Ericson** is well known to readers of the REVIEW.



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